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THE
CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1834.

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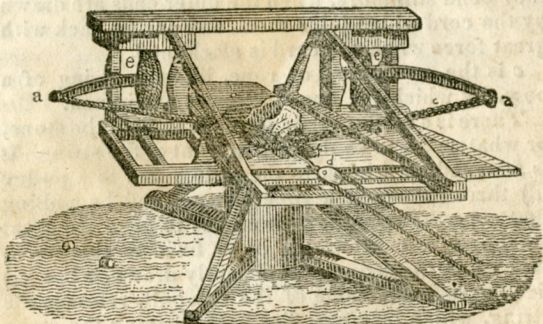
THE

CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

JUNE 1, 1834.

No. 6.



ENGINES OF WAR

Were very different, hundreds of years ago, before the manufacture of gunpowder had been found out, from those now used. We have already given a picture and description of the personal *armor* of the ancients. The cut above, represents a machine which they were in the habit of using instead of the cannon which soldiers now employ in besieging and defending fortified places.

It is called a *Catapult*, from the Latin word *catapulta*.

Its use was to send large stones, beams, balls of metal, or heavy spears, against a wall, or into a tower or fort a long way off.

VOL. VI.—6

This was done by combining two kinds of elasticity, or spring—that of the bow, and that of a hard twisted cord.

a a are two long and strong steel arms slightly bent, like the two halves of a bow cut in sunder: they bend still more, when the outer ends are drawn by the cord which joins them, and spring back with great force when the cord is slackened.

c is the stout cord or rope, like the string of a bow, by which the two steel arms are joined.

There is a sort of carriage, made to hold the stone, or whatever is to be thrown, in front of the string. It is fastened by a hook to the string, and to a pulley (*d*) through which a rope is run; and by pulling that rope the string is drawn so as to bend the great steel bow. A catch (*f*) is so fixed to this hook, that when the string is sufficiently drawn, a bar (*g*) fixed across the frame of the catapult, releases the string, which instantly flies back, driving the stone (*b*) before it with immense force and swiftness, and leaving the carriage still fast to the pulley.

But it is not the spring of the bent steel arms alone, that gives the string this force. The arms are fixed into two bundles of strong ropes, (*e e*), twisted extremely hard in contrary directions. When the arms are drawn by the string, these bundles of rope are twisted still more hard, and their tendency to untwist makes the arms spring back with double force.

Wonderful accounts are given of the power with which some of the largest of these engines were made to work. Rocks of several hundred pounds in weight were sent very high in the air, so as to fall into towers many hundred feet distant. Beams and immense spears were discharged horizontally

against walls or armies, with such velocity as to pierce the walls, or sweep down whole ranks of soldiers.

Such an engine is no doubt meant in the passage of the Book of Jeremiah, (vi. 6,) where the enemies of Jerusalem are spoken of, as about to "hew down trees, and cast a mount" (the margin of the Bible says, 'pour out *the engine of shot*') against that city. Long before the time of the prophet Jeremiah, we find that care had been taken to provide Jerusalem with instruments of the same kind, to annoy its besiegers; for king Uzziah is said to have "made engines, invented by cunning men, to be on the towers and upon the bulwarks, to shoot arrows and great stones withal." 2 Chron. xxvi. 15. E.

For the Children's Magazine.

THE DEAD BODY.

Mother. Well, my son, I am glad to see you! What detained you so long after Church?

Robert. I went to the funeral of Henry C——, one of the scholars of our school?

M. Did you see him, Robert?

R. Yes, Ma'am. Most of the boys went in procession to his father's house: then we went in, one by one, and looked at him, as he lay in his coffin. How cold he felt, Mother! Our Superintendent told me to touch him. I put my hand on his forehead; it was as cold as a stone. What made it so cold, Mother?

M. He was dead, my son. All dead bodies become cold soon after the breath of life leaves them.

R. Tell me why they become cold; do, Mother!

M. I do not know, Robert, that I can explain

even my limited knowledge and thoughts upon the subject, so that you can comprehend me.

R. Do try, I'll be very attentive.

M. Do you know the difference between *animate* and *inanimate*?

R. I believe so; *animate* means to be alive, to move, to do things; *inanimate* means right different—to be dead, to do nothing.

M. Yes, it does, my son. All the boys, you say, went in to see Henry: they looked at him, but he did not look at you; some of you touched him, but he did not even smile on you, or notice you at all, as he used to do. This shows you that he was inanimate; and you boys who looked at and touched him were animate; *you* felt that he was cold, but *he* did not feel that you were warm or cold, because inanimate bodies have not the sense of feeling, seeing, or hearing—in short, they are dead and senseless to all earthly things.

R. Well, but, Mother, this is telling me about their being so, but not about *why* they are so!

M. Be patient, my boy, you will have that by and by. The mystery is how we become animate bodies, rather than why we should become inanimate and cold.

R. I know, Mother, that that is a great mystery, which nobody knows or can know; do you think they can, Mother?

M. No, my son, I think not; that has troubled wiser heads than yours or mine. But still, all that will may know something about it: even you, a little boy, may answer almost as much as any person. What do you know about it?

R. Not much; but I know where I can find it out?

M. Where?

R. In the Bible—there it is, in Genesis.

M. Read what you think will instruct us on the subject.

R. (Reads :) “And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness ; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea,—and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image : in the image of God created he him ; male and female created he them.”

M. That is from the first chapter : now look at the second chapter—I think it is the seventh verse ; what does that say ?

R. (Reads :) “And the LORD God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life ; and man became a living soul.”

M. Do you see, Robert ? Here God, in his goodness, has thought proper to reveal unto us the creation of man. Now without his revelation we could know nothing for a certainty about it ; and beside, Robert, it is written so plain that even a little boy like you can understand that God made man, and of the dust of the earth.

R. And may be Adam was as inanimate and as cold as Henry was, before God gave him the breath of life.

M. It is certain that where there is no life there is an absence of animal heat, and we know from the Bible that “it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment,” and “dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return ;” which means that he who gives us life will likewise take life from our bodies, and they will then turn to the dust of the ground. But, Robert, men of science have

often used the understanding that God has given them to the increase of useful knowledge, which adds much to our happiness in our intercourse with each other.

R. When I get to be a man, may be I'll be a man of science. May I, Mother?

M. My prayer to God is that you, my son, may be a Christian; the Bible tells us to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto us." But to return to the subject that we were talking of, lest I tire you,—I was going to tell you of men of science, that they have stated that we breathe twenty times in a minute, and that the blood of a grown person will weigh thirty pounds, and that this blood passes through the heart once in four minutes.

R. Thirty pounds! in four minutes! Do they mean that the blood runs through my veins, quite down to my toes, and back again in four minutes?

M. Certainly, Robert, it runs all through the body.

R. Still, Mother, I don't see how its running through the body makes it animate:—and beside, what makes the blood run?

M. The beating of the heart; and, when we breathe, the air comes into the lungs and mixes with the blood: and this, men of science tell us, causes the blood to run, and to be warm. They can explain it, so as to be quite plain; but I cannot make it clear to you now: you are too young yet. But this, my son, you *can* understand, that God gives us life, animates our bodies and continues to supply us during his will with health and strength, but when he withdraws his hand, our bodies fall, crumble into dust—but the animating spirit, the

spirit that God gave us, what becomes of that, Robert?

R. Some to everlasting life in heaven, and some to everlasting death. B.

For the Children's Magazine.

TO SUNDAY SCHOLARS.—NO. II.

These verses I send, from over the sea;
Let each Sunday Scholar now hearken to me.

Lunenburg, N. S., January, 1834.

I HOPE my verses, which you 've seen,
Printed in last month's Magazine,
Have not escaped your recollection,
But furnish'd food for your reflection.
Now I submit another rule,
To guide you in your Sunday School.

Sometimes unruly girls or boys,
Are fond of play, or making noise;
Now this in school hours *must* not be,
So pray that vile example flee:
Some shuffle as they pass along,
And think t' escape among the throng.
What! are you thus so very lean,
That by God's eyes you are not seen?
God, who can pierce the murkiest night,
And has us ever in his sight!
'T is like the owl, which shuts his eyes,
And thinks he's thereby in disguise,
Whereas his blindness can't apply,
Or dash the prowling fowler's eye.

Mind when to church you march away;
From the neat rank ne'er lag or stray;
And when in church, think *who* will claim,
Due reverence to His house and name:
O! thank him for that Sabbath day,
In which in public we should pray.
Think of the millions who 've not heard
There is a God, or holy word.
Think of the filthy Esquimaux,
Who 've none the heavenly way to show;

O ! think of those who worship stocks,
 Or graven idols : rough-hewn blocks !
 I've seen those Heathen idols look
 Shapeless as pebbles in the brook :
 Frightful as forms which sometimes seem,
 To haunt one in the fitful dream.
This is a dream from which we waken ;
That which by some are ne'er forsaken.

Children ! can *we* too thankful be,
 That we salvation's light can see ?
 Ere we conclude then, let each pray :
 "GOD ! guide me in thy perfect way ;
 Teach me thy will to learn and do,
 And O ! convert the Heathen too.
 Teach me to shun each wicked deed ;
 Keep me from all pollution freed ;
 In death let me be join'd to Thee,
 For endless, blest eternity ;
 Through 'Him for sinners reconciled :'
 O ! save thine humble, erring child."

ORION.

For the Children's Magazine.

ANTOINETTE.

"They that seek me early shall find me."

LITTLE ANTOINETTE CLEVELAND was the sole survivor of four lovely children ; from her early childhood she had enjoyed many advantages for religious instruction. At Sunday School she was told of all that the blessed JESUS had suffered for her ; and at home the same precious truths were impressed upon her youthful mind by her pious mother. O what a blessing it is to have pious parents ; who, ever anxious for the spiritual welfare of their children, will exhort them to love CHRIST, "to seek him *early*." Such a mother was Mrs. Cleveland ; and often would the tears roll down the cheeks of the little girl, when the touching story of the Crucifixion was related to her by her parents. It was,

however, but a passing emotion. Like too many other children, she did not improve her privileges; though amiable in disposition, and kind to her associates, whose affection she thus won, yet she did not seek that love which is above all price, the love of CHRIST, which passeth knowledge.

Thus several years passed away, when it pleased the LORD to lay her beloved mother upon a bed of sickness. All human aid was ineffectual; day by day she grew worse; and feeling that her last hour was approaching, she summoned Antoinette, and thus addressed her: "My strength is fast failing me, my child, and you, before long, will be an orphan. Listen then, to my dying injunction, and O my daughter forget it never. Listen and obey the last words of your expiring mother; seek an interest in JESUS, put your trust in Him, who is the orphan's friend, the Father of the fatherless. We shall meet no more on earth; but as you love your own salvation, as you would be re-united to your parents and sisters in heaven, go to CHRIST, through whom alone you can be saved. Pray to him—ask *His* guidance and His blessing, and He *will* guide, He *will* bless you, and will, I trust, of his infinite mercy, bring you at last to his heavenly kingdom. Farewell, my child, farewell." She could say no more: nature's last effort was over, and her spirit winged its flight to the mansions of bliss beyond the skies.

Deeply did Antoinette feel her loss; for a time she was inconsolable, but recollecting her departed mother's sacred charge, she knelt at the footstool of mercy, and daily offered up the prayer, that her affliction might be sanctified, that she might have strength from above, and grace to lead a holy life.

Her prayer was heard. He who while on earth manifested his love to little children by blessing them, heard and granted the petitions of this little child. From that period she devoted herself to CHRIST, and relying upon *His* assistance, upon *His* guidance, made continual advances in the divine life.

A year only had elapsed since Mrs. C.'s death, when Antoinette was seized with the scarlet fever, from which she never recovered. But she was prepared to die, and she was happy. During her illness, she was constantly repeating the hymns and texts of Scripture which she had learned while in health, many of which then came to her memory, breathing consolation and peace. And thus, ere twelve summers had rolled over her head, this little girl fell asleep in JESUS, in the sweet assurance of a blessed existence beyond the tomb.

O my young friends, if you have privileges, improve them. If you would be happy in life, and happy in death, put your trust now in that Saviour, who died to redeem you; ever remembering His gracious promise, "They that seek me *early* shall find me."

J* A*



THE THERMOMETER.

"How very hot it is!" said Frederick Harmer, as he and his brother entered the parlor on their return from school. "I think it is the hottest day we have had this summer. I do not suppose it can be hotter in the East Indies!"

"It does not appear to me to be very hot," said his Mother; "I feel cool and comfortable."

"Ah!" said Fred, "you have been quietly reading at this open window, while George and I have been walking in the hot sun. No wonder, Mamma, that you are cooler than we are. Papa, do not you think the day remarkably hot?"

"I feel the day very warm, certainly," said Mr. Harmer, "but not so oppressive as I did last Monday. I may be mistaken, however, in the *real* heat of the day, for last Monday I rode a great deal, and to-day I have been mostly engaged in the house."

"Well, if people feel so differently," exclaimed Fred, "I do not see how we can ever determine whether one day is hotter than another. Is there no way, Papa, by which we can know for certain?"

"Try and think if either of you can find any means," replied his Father.

"I should look at the ditches," answered George, "because they are dried up in very hot weather, and this makes me think that Fred and I are right about the heat of the day, for I observed as we walked along that they were all dried up."

"That is because there has been no rain lately," replied Mr. Harmer. "One night's rain might fill all the ditches, and yet the next day might be hotter than any of the preceding days."

"Well, Papa," said Frederick, "the old water butt in the garden has shrunk so much that the hoops are all falling off. Does not that show how hot the weather is?"

"No, it only tells us that the weather has been dry lately. If you roll the butt into the pond, the water will soon make the wood swell, although the heat may continue to be as great as ever."

"That explains why the servants put the washing tubs in the pond before using them," said George. "The wood swells and closes up the joints of the planks, so that the tub can hold water."

"Yes, Papa," said Fred, "I see plainly it is the dryness, and not the heat, that makes the wood shrink. For if it were the *heat*, the hot water which is put into the tubs when the clothes are washed, would certainly open the joints by shrinking the wood."

"Very true," said Mr. Harmer. "We must think of some other plan, then, to determine the heat of the weather. Do you know of any thing that alters in size, shrinking or swelling, by heat or cold?"

"Water, I know, swells by heat," observed Fred.

"I know that too," said George, "because the water in our glue-pot boiled over yesterday."

"Yes," said Mr. Harmer, "the place that was large enough for the water when cold, was too small to hold the same water when hot. All other liquids as well as water, and also air and the metals swell or expand by heat. The poker is a little longer and thicker when it is hot than when it is cold. If you happen to have an iron ring, the link of a chain, or the top of a large key that will just go over the knob of the kitchen poker, you may

readily satisfy yourselves of this. Warm the knob between the bars of the kitchen grate for a short time, and then try and put the ring over it. You will find that the knob has *expanded*, and that you will not be able to pass the ring over it. You may try another way. Suppose the ring is so nearly the size of the knob of the poker, that you can very nearly, but not quite, put it over the knob while both are cold. If you heat the ring, it will expand, and may then be easily slipped over the knob."

"How very curious!" said Fred.

"But, Papa, I do not understand how we are to find out the difference of heat on different days, by merely knowing that iron swells by heat."

"No, nor did I say that iron was used for that purpose, Fred," replied Mr. Harmer, "fluids are much more suitable. You know what a fluid is, George?"

"Yes, Papa, water and milk are fluids."

"And so also are oil, wine, and brandy," said Mr. Harmer, "and there are several others. Fred, bring me a small phial, a cork, and a long quill, and as you pass the store-closet, fill the phial up to the brim with brandy."

When these things were brought into the parlor, Mr. Harmer cut off the two ends of the quill so as to make a long tube, open at both ends, and boring a hole in the cork, he fitted the quill tightly into it. He then pushed the cork well into the neck of the bottle, and by so doing, forced part of the brandy into the quill. This being done, he made a mark on the quill even with the surface of the brandy. "Now, Fred," said he, "take the phial in your hand, and observe the brandy."

Fred did so, and he had scarcely held the phial a few moments, when he exclaimed, "Papa, the brandy is moving! look, it is rising quite high in the quill! I might hold a piece of iron in my hand for ever, and there would never be any difference in its size, but the brandy expanded almost directly that I grasped the phial. See now it is standing still."

"Yes, I will make another mark on the quill with my pencil," said Mr. Harmer. "Now place the phial on the table, Fred."

"Will the brandy come down again, Papa, now that Fred has taken his hand away?" asked George.

"Look at the brandy, George, and you may judge for yourself," said Mr. Harmer.

George looked at the brandy in the quill as attentively as his brother Fred did, and they both saw that, after some little time, it fell to the first mark that Mr. Harmer had made.

"I see, Papa," said Fred, when he observed that the brandy remained stationary at the first mark, "the upper pencil mark shows the heat of my hand, and the lower mark the heat of the parlor. I should like to know whether the brandy would sink lower in the cellar. The cellar is much cooler than this room. George, will you come with me, and bring



a lighted candle with you and a pencil? then we can try." George ran for a candle, followed by his brother, and when after a short time they returned, George exclaimed with delight, "Papa, it does capitally! look! the mark is lower than the parlor mark, and we felt it quite cold in the cellar after this warm parlor."

Fred seemed as pleased as his brother, though he looked thoughtful.

The phial was then taken into the sunshine, and the brandy rose higher and higher, but not so high as the mark which was made when the phial was held in the hand. When Fred showed his father the mark that he had made on the quill, which Mr. Harmer said might be called summer-heat mark, he said he should like to plunge the phial into hot water.

"Then you must make your tube longer," said Mr. Harmer. "Cut two new quills neatly, and fit the three together. You had better dip the ends into gum water, that your tube may not leak."

When this was done, the phial was put into a basin of hot water, and the brandy quickly rose to the top of the three quills.

"How curious! how beautiful!" exclaimed both the boys, "and how useful," continued Fred, "for it shows the increase of heat exactly. If we had had this little contrivance during the last week, Papa, we could have been certain about the heat of the weather. We could have watched the brandy each day, and made different marks for each day's heat. Do not you recollect, Papa, that we called the swinging string with a weight at the end of it, a *time-measurer*? I think this contrivance of the quills, the phial, and the brandy, might be called a *heat-measurer*."

"Instruments something like this," said Mr. Harmer, "but more exact, and with a fluid more suitable for the purpose, are, in fact, used as heat-measurers. They are called by a name that signifies these very words; 'thermo-meters,' '*thermo*,' meaning heat, and '*meter*,' measure."

"O! how I wish we had one," said Fred, "do tell us, Papa, how thermometers are made."

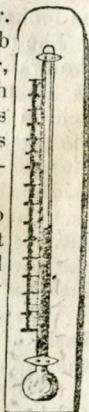
"The thermometers in use," replied Mr. Harmer, "are little glass tubes with a bulb at one end, nearly filled with quicksilver, and sometimes with spirits of wine, which is a liquid something like brandy; and this tube is fitted into a slip of wood or brass on which lines are marked called degrees."

"How do they get the quicksilver into the tube, Papa?" said George, "I thought quicksilver was a metal, and are not all metals solid like iron? You said just now that *fluids* showed the difference of heat much better than solid substances."

"Yes, so I did, George," replied his father, "but quicksilver, although a metal, is a fluid in our climate. Near the North Pole it becomes as hard as any other metal, and can be beaten with a hammer, and drawn out without breaking. But in the temperate and hot countries, it can be poured out like water, although it is nearly fourteen times as heavy."

"Well, that is curious!" exclaimed George.

"The quicksilver thermometer is most generally used," continued Mr. Harmer, "because it will bear a greater heat before it boils than spirits of wine."



"Papa," said George, "I should like you to tell us how thermometers are made from the very beginning."

"Well, then, George, I will try to explain how they are made as you say from the *very beginning*," replied Mr. Harmer. "The workman takes a small glass tube, open at both ends, and melts one end of it in the flame of a lamp till the hole is closed, then he blows at the other end of the tube. The air cannot escape, and therefore stretches the closed end, which is quite soft, into a small bulb. He next holds the tube with the bulb over the flame, but taking care that the heat is not strong enough to melt the glass. By so doing, he drives out nearly the whole of the air, because as each particle of air stretches or expands by the heat, it rises in the tube, and escapes at the open end. Having freed the tube from air, he reverses it, putting the open end of it into a cup of quicksilver; and now, Fred, what do you think must happen?"

"I should think, Papa, that the quicksilver must mount in the glass tube as the tube cools, because the pressure of the air outside the tube all over the quicksilver in the cup, must press the quicksilver up the tube."

"Yes, Papa, I think Fred must be right," said George, "because it is just like the water rising in the pump barrel, is it not? As the glass tube has no air in it, the quicksilver creeps in to fill the empty place."

"You are both quite right," said Mr. Harmer, laughing, "though you almost speak of the quicksilver, George, as if it were alive. The tube is not yet, however, sufficiently deprived of air. The bulb is, therefore, again held over the flame till the

quicksilver boils, and then the vapor or steam of the quicksilver drives out all the air. Before the quicksilver cools, the workman holds the upper or open end of the tube in the flame; and when melted, by giving it a slight twist, he closes the hole. The quicksilver would expand even if there were air in the tube, but *not so readily*, because it would have to overcome the resistance of the air, and therefore it has been contrived to draw all the air out. The marks are made in this way. The glass tube is first placed in pounded ice, and the place where the quicksilver sinks to is marked by a slight scratch, and called the freezing point. The tube is next plunged into boiling water, and another mark is made called the boiling point. When the tube is fitted into the frame, this boiling point is marked 212, and the freezing point 32. The space between these points is divided into 180 equal parts, called degrees, and below the freezing point there are 32 divisions, marked of the same size as those above that point. And now the thermometer is complete, and a most valuable instrument it is, for instead of guessing how hot or cold any thing is, we are able to tell exactly."

"I am sure, Papa," exclaimed Fred, "that people who have such an instrument as that, need not dispute whether one day is hotter than another. I wish you could show us a thermometer."

"I should like to show you one very much, boys," replied Mr. Harmer. "I dare say our neighbor, Mr. Hervey, has a thermometer. Go to him, Fred, with my compliments, and beg him to be so kind as to lend me one for a short time. I think he will have no objection to trust you with it, for you are usually careful when things are lent to you."

"O yes, Papa," said they, both at once, "I am sure we will take great care not to injure it," and they ran to ask Mr. Hervey to oblige them.

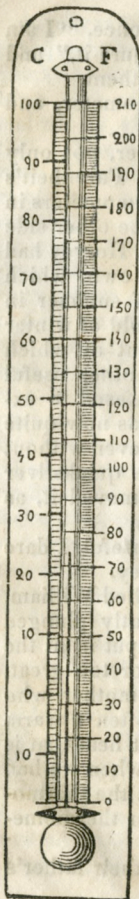
Mr. Hervey willingly lent the thermometer, and his son William came with Frederick.

It was a very excellent thermometer, not only marked on one side according to Farenheit's method, (the usual way of dividing thermometers in England,) but it was also marked on the other side according to the French method. Mr. Hervey had written down many remarks of his own, which were highly interesting: the heat of summer in the East Indies and in England; the cold of winter in Iceland and in Canada; the point at which spirits boil, oil congeals, and many other useful facts. The boys were exceedingly pleased to examine the thermometer, and George was now quite convinced that a metal could be fluid even without heating it over a fire, for he saw the quicksilver roll up and down the tube when he moved it, as easily as water.

"You find this thermometer very useful, I dare say," said Mr. Harmer to young Hervey.

"Yes, Sir, we use it very often," replied William. "Every time we brew, it is frequently plunged into the water, that the malt may be put in at the right time. Were the heat too little or too great, the beer would be spoiled. Then my mother, who suffers so much from ill health, has often a warm bath, and the doctor orders the exact heat that is suitable for her. We could not tell when we had made the bath the right heat, without the thermometer. But will not you show me your thermometer, Fred? I should like to see it."

The boys readily showed William their father's



F. signifies Farenheit's, or the English scale.
C. signifies the Centigrade, or French scale.

212. Water boils.

190. Brandy boils.

174. Spirits of Wine boil.

127. Tallow melts.

110. Summer in *East Indies*.

80. { Very hot in *England*.
Common heat in *East Indies*.

75. Summer heat in *England*.

55. Temperate in *England*.

50. Common heat of Spring water.

43. Olive oil begins to stiffen.

32. Water freezes.

20. Very cold in *England*.

5. Winter in *Canada*.

In *Iceland*, the cold is sometimes 24° below 0.

At 40° below 0, mercury freezes.

contrivance, and they amused themselves with adding fresh lines to it.

"How very cold it must be in those countries where quicksilver freezes!" said Fred; "it is not even marked on the thermometer. I suppose, Papa, there is no metal that expands so much with a small quantity of heat as quicksilver."

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Harmer. "We know that a very great heat is necessary to increase the size of other metals. A piece of iron measuring one foot in length while cold, becomes only one-eighth of an inch longer when heated red hot. And lead, which is much sooner melted than iron, still requires a considerable heat to expand it. Have you ever seen the wheelwright put the iron hoop or tire round a coach wheel? He first makes the hoop too small to go on when cold, he then heats the hoop in the fire, by which it is sufficiently expanded to slip on the wheel easily."

"Ah, I see, Papa," said Fred, "and then as it cools it must contract and bind the wheel firmly together."

"Casks are bound in the same manner, Fred," continued Mr. Harmer, "and masts of ships. So you see that the knowledge of the expansion and contraction of metals is very useful in many trades. Now, Fred, take in the thermometer to Mr. Hervey, and thank him for the use of it, and perhaps we can persuade your young friend to spend the afternoon with you."

To this proposal William readily agreed, and after the thermometer had been carefully returned, the boys left the parlor to amuse themselves with various occupations in the garden and tool-house.

—*Parent's Cabinet.*

For the Children's Magazine.

CONTRADICTION.

"MAMMA," said little Julia, running into the room, "we are home just in good time, are we not?" "Yes, my dear," said her Mother, "it is just seven; I am glad you remembered my orders. Have you had a pleasant visit?"

"O yes, Mamma, very pleasant indeed; Henry and Jane were there, and after we had played till we were tired, Grandmamma made tea for us all alone by ourselves, and I was mistress; such a beautiful little tea-set she has bought and given to me, so that I can have them whenever we are all there together. Is not that nice, Mamma? they are white figured with blue and yellow."

"No, Julia," said her brother Robert, "they are not blue, they are green and yellow."

"I tell you it is blue," said Julia, "a beautiful blue, for I looked at them over and over."

"And so did I," said Robert, "and I am certain they are green. I saw them by daylight, you know, before you came down stairs."

"Well, I don't care if you saw them fifty times," said Julia, "I am *certain* they are blue."

"It makes little difference, my children," said their Mamma, "one of you must be right and the other wrong, so I would advise you to wait till you see them again before you decide."

"But, Mamma, I am certain they were blue," said Julia, "and Robert is very obstinate."

"And I am positive they were green," persisted Robert; "and I think you had better not be quite so sure about it, Miss Julia."

But Julia was certain she was right, and Robert

was sure he could not be wrong; and after disputing half an hour about a thing that made not the slightest difference to either of them, and about which neither of them really cared, they parted dissatisfied, and almost angry with each other.

"I think," says some quiet well-behaved little girl, "that Julia and Robert could not have loved each other much, or they would have given up their own opinions directly." But, strange as it may seem, they do love each other dearly. I visit at their house frequently, and I have an opportunity to know all about them. There are several children, some older and some younger than Julia and Robert; they are healthy, well-looking, and, except in this particular, well-behaved children, with a happy, comfortable home, kind, good parents, and surrounded by numberless blessings and advantages. But all these comforts are spoiled by the unfortunate habit they have of contradicting each other: the dispute that I have related was not the only one that occurred during that day; I believe I might safely say that there were twenty others of equal importance between the different members of the family;—disputes about trifles for which none of them cared, and about which they maintained each one their own opinion, out of clear obstinacy. Such things are very unpleasant to be witnessed, and I began to think seriously on the subject. I wanted to discover where the evil commenced, but that was a difficult task; and possibly it might be with the elder members of the family. They are excellent, religious people, who strive constantly to live a holy life, and would seem impossible that they could have assisted in forming such a wrong habit where all should be peace and love.

Yet, perhaps, some slight imperfection of temper in one or other of them has been the root of the evil; but, be this as it may, it is to the children, and all children who have fallen into such an unpleasant, wicked way, that I would speak. Perhaps some little child will say, "It is not wicked to contradict each other, it is only a little cross, and we love one another all the time." But I would not give much for such love; I think the way to show love is to make people as happy as possible, and not to vex and thwart them continually. Besides, there is one very serious thing to be considered; can a Christian child safely give way to such tempers? A child, any child, the healthiest among you, may die in a week, or even a day, or hour, and where do you wish to go? "To heaven, certainly." Yes, but none can go to heaven unless they have been trying to be good while they were here on earth. If you wish to go to heaven when you die, or to be happy while you live, you must try to cure yourselves of that bad, ill-tempered habit. You must watch always, and when you feel the obstinate, cross reply coming to your lips, stop it, and pray in your heart that God will send his HOLY SPIRIT to help you, and to make you peaceable and full of love and compassion, like our blessed Saviour when he was a child.

'He grew in favor both with men,
And God his father too.'

I am sure if my little friends think about it they will wish to amend, and I hope, before long, to see all their spirit of contradiction vanished, and replaced by kindness, and unity, and godly love.


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